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ALONZO S. WEED,
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THE ANGELS' SONG.

BY REV. J. H. BEALE.

We hear the glad song through echoing
skies,
Which angels prolong in their gladness
surprise:
"A Saviour is born, and the darkness is
past;
The brightness of morn has arisen at last."
That song first was caught on Judah's lone
plain;
With love richly fraught still re-echoes
again;
Now, "Glory to God in the highest!" they
sing;
"O praise ye the Lord, for glad tidings we
bring!"
"May peace reign on earth, with good-will
to man;
Through humble life birth, salvation's great
plan
We see like the morning arising so bright—
The hill-tops adorning with glorious light."
Then sang the loud chorus of heavenly song,
Which swelling far o'er us still stretches
along!
The mists of the ages are quickly with-
drawn,
And history's pages have caught the fair
dawn,
The morning when earth redeemed shall
sing
The song of His birth, with echoes shall
ring
The universe 'round in the anthem of
praise—
"A Saviour is found in the 'Ancient of
Days!'"
Wallingford, Conn.

"ONLY A TRAMP."

BY LUCIA K. F. KIMBALL.

So Bridget announced one cold,
stormy morning last winter. The fire
burned cheerily in my open grate. I
was thoroughly comfortable, lounging
over a new magazine the postman
had just brought.

"Tell him we're nothing for him,"
I answered half mechanically, and a
little impatient at being interrupted
by so small a matter.

Tramps were such frequent callers
I had grown quite indifferent to them,
and took it for granted that they were
all worthless vagabonds, too lazy to
earn an honest living, and that helping
them would only encourage idleness
and beggary.

As my eyes went back to my book,
they took in the dreariness of the win-
ter storm, driving the sleet in wild
gusts against the window. Something
—the contrast, it may be, in the chill
prospect without, and the warmth and
comfort within—brought to me a
painful sense of what a forlorn thing it
was to be out begging on such a dismal
morning.

I threw aside my magazine and went
into the kitchen. Bridget had just shut
the door upon the man. As I opened
it a blinding whirl almost took away
my breath.

"Come in and I'll give you some-
thing to eat," I said when I could
speak.

The man was a genuine tramp—a
trifle fiercer-looking than the guild are
apt to be, with a sullen expression on
his set, hard features. The snow and
sleet hung in his shaggy hair, and the
great rough hands were purple with
cold.

I gave him a seat by the fire, set
the coffee-pot on the stove, and with my
own hands prepared him a warm
breakfast. While he was eating I left
him alone, and went up stairs to look
for some clothing I had heard Fred say
he shouldn't wear any more.

It did occur to me that he might steal
the silver, but Bridget was busy with
the chamber-work, and she never liked
to be hindered. Someway I felt like
trusting the man, though he was so
bad looking.

The heavy brows relaxed a little as I
gave him the garments, and he thanked
me for them and the breakfast.

"Ye'll be wantin' the snow shoveled,
when the blow's over, an' I'll come
round an' do it for yer, Mis', if ye'd like
to hev me."

"We should," I answered, "if you
can get round before any one else
comes along."

He went out into the storm, and I
went back to my magazine, but the ar-
ticle in which I had lost so much in-
terest had lost its relish, and along
with the reading I fell into a kind of
gloomy speculation as to the wherefore
of life in general, and of tramps in
particular.

I may as well tell you that for some
years past I have been troubled with
nervous depression, arising partly from
my delicate health, and partly from my
manner of living. You will think it
strange that with my pleasant home
and kind husband I have not always
been a happy woman. I came from a
large family, and we were always busy
and lively. I missed the companion-
ship and bustle that always comes
along with a household, when I came to
settle down, with only my husband and
myself, and a girl to do my work.

There were plenty of things I might
have been interested in, but I gradually
fell into the way of not caring for any-
thing outside of a certain narrow limit.

Fred was not a Christian, though he
had the greatest respect for religion,
and was very thoughtful of my wishes
in regard to all matters pertaining to
it. Of course this was a constant
source of anxiety to me, but I see now
how foolish I was in my manner of ex-
pressing it. Instead of trying to win
him by showing the real brightness
and beauty the Christian faith gives to
every-day life, I wore a sad face when-
ever I spoke to him upon the subject,
and he often came home and found me
in tears, with no reason save that I was
troubled and unhappy. I wonder now
that he didn't come to hate religion,
associating it as he must with my
gloom and worry.

As time went on my seasons of de-
pression grew more frequent, and my
health really began to give way. Last
fall Fred persuaded me to go home for
a visit, hoping the change would bene-
fit me. At first it was so delightful
being in the dear old place once more,
and having my friends all about me,
that I improved greatly; but very soon
I began to be troubled constantly about
Fred and his staying at home alone,
though he wrote the most cheerful let-
ters. One day I suddenly made up my
mind to come home. I came back to
Fred hardly better than when I left.
What I wanted was soul-healing, and
that could not be found by change of
scene.

I fancied that my life was useless,
and that I had no influence over my
husband. Sometimes the terrible
thought would come that he might be
better without me. Of course ill-health
had something to do with such fancies,
just as that, in a measure, were the
cause of them; but I believe it was real-
ly spiritual *ennui* that was sapping the
health of body and soul. My religion
was not a motive power, and my life
was purposeless and meagre in conse-
quence.

You are wondering what all this has
to do with "my tramp," as I have al-
ways called him. Much every way, as
I shall show you, if you have the pa-
tience to wait.

I told my husband about him when
he came home, and how seeing him
had given me the "blues."

"Your 'blues' won't rid the country
of tramps; if they would the govern-
ment would pay you liberally for in-
dulging in them," Fred said cheerily.

"He has promised to come round
and clear the sidewalk when the storm
is over."

Fred laughed. "He'll be a model
tramp if he keeps his word. Whoever
knew one of that sort of fellows to
pay for favors received, in work, after
he had once got out of sight. You'll
see this trusty knight of the shovel to-
morrow morning—in a horn, as the
boys say. But don't fret about it, puss.
These poor fellows have hard times
enough in such weather as this anyway;
but nine cases out of ten it's their own
fault."

I had very little faith in the man's
word, but since I had seemed to give
him the credit of honesty, I hoped he
would prove my judgment correct.

Very early the next morning I heard
the scrape of a shovel on the sidewalk,
and looking out, saw my veritable
tramp hard at work. With a little flut-
ter of triumph I called Fred to see.

"Are you sure he is the same one?"
he asked with provoking incredulity.

"Sure? Of course I'm sure," I
answered warmly.

"Oh well, he wants some more of
your good coffee and doughnuts.
Tramps, like the rest of us men, appre-
ciate a first-class breakfast. But he has
kept his word, and does his work well.
I'll pay him double for it, and that will
keep the 'blues' away—for how long,
Tillie?" Fred said lightly as he tossed
the money into my lap.

I gave the man another breakfast,
praised his work, and paid him. The
dark face brightened as he took the
money.

"I hain't turned the like o' this for a
long spell, Mis'. Thank ye fer't."

One day, nearly six weeks after this,
Bridget came to say that a man wanted
to see me. When I went to the door,
I saw standing there a rough, clean-
looking man, very plainly but neatly
dressed.

"I s'pose ye don't know who I be,"
he said, in answer to my look of in-
quiry. "I'm the feller ye give a warm
breakfast to nigh six weeks ago, one
blowy mornin'." I shoveled yer side-
walk, an' ye paid me well fer't, too."

I slowly dawned upon me that
"my tramp" had turned up again, but
like Rip Van Winkle, so changed no
one would recognize him.

I asked him in, puzzled as to the
proper way of treating him under this
new condition of things.

He relieved me by saying: "Do ye
mind my tellin' ye how it all come
round? I'd like ter, see'n it war yer
kindness that put it inter my head ter
be better, an' try to do somethin' fer
myself. I ain't goin' ter keep back
nothin'." He went on to say when I had
assured him of my desire to hear his
story, "so I may as well tell ye I had

my mind made up ter lay my hands on
ter anythin' that come handy, if I got
inter yer house that mornin' ye give me
the breakfast, I came pretty nigh stealin'
yer spoons, while ye war gone up stairs,
but somethin' sez ter me, 'She's gone
off an' not left nobody ter watch ye, an'
'tis mighty mean ter take advantage o'
that;' so I kep' my hands off o' things.
I come back to shovel the snow mostly
for the breakfast, an' then I wanted
ter let ye know I'd kep' my word."

"And you used the money I paid you
to help start in a better way?" I asked
brightly, interrupting him.

"No, Mis, I'm sorry to say I didn't.
I meant ter, an' kep' thinkin' how I'd
git a decent place ter sleep in an' look
out fer jobs, an' try ter be sich a feller
as folks could trust, it seemed so kinder
nice. But I couldn't find no place
whar that warn't the smell o' whiskey,
an' one night I come in a-cold an' shakin',
an' the man as kep' the place, he give
me a drink 'ter warm me up, he sed,
an' then I wanted more, an' I kep'
drinkin' an' drinkin' till my money war
all gone, an' my brains too, an' I got
noisy, I s'pose, an' the man turned me
out o' doors inter the street, an' I lay
thar all night. It's only the mercy o'
God kep' me from freezin'." My feet
an' hands war pretty nigh froze, an'
when I come ter myself, I didn't know
no place whar I could go—my money
all gone, an' nobody in the world ter
help me.

As I was draggin' 'long the
street, I see the sign the temp'ance wain
hung out afore the place whar they
hold their meetin', an' I thinks, mebbe
I'll find another kind lady in thar; so I
stumbled in. They give me a ticket
for a meal, an' a place ter sleep, an'
asked me ter come agin to the meetin'."

"And they have taken care of you
and dressed you up so nicely?" I in-
terrupted again.

"No, Mis, but they done somethin'
better'n that; they put me in a way ter
take care o' myself. They got me to
sign the pledge, an' tole me o' Him as
could help me keep it. I niver knowed
nothin' ter speak on 'bout the Bible an'
Jesus Christ, an' at first I couldn't b'e-
lieve 'bout its all bein' fer me; but I
kep' goin' ter the meetin's, an' the
winnin' talk so kind an' plain, an' made
it seem so sure that the Lord He cares
for sich good-for-nothin' fellers as me.
An' now I'm holdin' on ter Him with all
my might, an' I know I won't drink no
more long's I do that. I know ye'd like
the meetin', an' I come back ter tell ye
'bout them, an' what they've done fer
me. Praps ye'd go ter them some time.
I heard the ladies say they did 'em good,
too."

The idea of this poor tramp coming
to invite me to go to meeting amused
me greatly. I laughed and told him I
would think about it. After the man
was gone I found myself wondering at
the great change that had come to him,
and the reality and help his religion
was to him.

One day, not long after this, I did go
to the meeting, more out of curiosity
than anything else, I suppose. At first
it seemed very strange, and quite con-
trary to my ideas of propriety, for
women to be conducting a meeting in
public. But before it was over I be-
came so much interested that I quite
forgot the singularity of the thing. I
went again and again, and began to
have a new sense of Christian faith and
hope.

"My tramp" was always at the meet-
ing when he could get away from his
work—for he had steady employment
then, and has ever since—and he usu-
ally brought some poor fellow with him
that he had picked up in the street or
met in his work. He used often to ask
me to talk to those men. At first I
couldn't think of a word to say, but
after while I found it was a good way
to read something out of the Bible to
them, and that they always seemed
glad to listen; and I, too, was helped
and strengthened by what I read. The
Bible became a new book to me, and
my Christian faith something tangible
that made all my life better and brighter.

My husband noticed the change, and
encouraged my going. After a time he
began to attend the evening meetings
with me, and there the real witness of
Christ's power to save touched his heart,
and he, too, became a Christian. Now
there is no place so dear to us both as
these temperance prayer-meetings.
They seem nearer heaven than any
other place; it may be because we are
not simply seeking good for ourselves,
but for others, and those others the
poor and wretched and friendless.

Do you wonder that I am an enthu-
siast in this work, and that my conserva-
tive friends think me beside myself? One
of them met me on the street the
other day, and asked me how I found
time to go to so many meetings and do
so much "benevolent work?" I told
her I had a few less ruffles on my
dresses, and that I didn't spend hours
puzzling over a garment, trying to de-
cide how it should be made. I think
my house and my husband are as well
cared for as ever, but I don't have time
now for the "blues," or to spend cry-
ing over a new bonnet if it don't just

suit me. I have given up some things,
but they are all those that I am better
without, and the infinite gain that has
come to me in improved health and
spirits, in my husband's conversion and
his sympathy and help in every good
work, would more than recompense
any self-denial, however great. Then
there is the sweetest satisfaction of all,
that my life is of some use, and that I
can help others who stand in sore need
of it. When I think how my life has
been brightened, and that I have my
husband not only for time, but for a
long, blessed eternity beside, and that
it all came about through a poor for-
lorn tramp, I can't help having a kind-
ly feeling toward the whole class,
though they are the "great unwashed,"
whom the world despise and dread.

When I was first asked to lead the
temperance meeting I thought I never
could; but it seemed so ungrateful,
after I had received so much, not to be
willing to try, even though I utterly
failed, that I consented. I don't think
I was very edifying, but it did me good,
and every time that I attempt it now, I
feel stronger and better for the effort.
That is a real self-sacrifice for me, but
I begin to understand the "hundred-
fold" that comes along with it.

This experience, given me by a re-
fined and gentle woman—a stranger,
save as our mutual interest in the
cause of temperance made us friends—
is but one of many, similar in spirit,
that have been glad verities of the
promised reward to women's service.

To hundreds of women all over our
land, these three wondrous years since
the crusade developed the Christian
method of temperance reform, the
"changed cross" has been, not a pic-
ture, not a poem, but a blessed reality.
Many and many a woman reaching
down weak, trembling hands to lift a
cross that seemed so heavy, has found
them filled with blossoms rare, and
odoriferous, and heavenly. How much
has been done through the Woman's
Christian Temperance Union and their
gospel work to save the country from
its worst foes—the ignorant and
"dangerous classes"—will be known
only when the secret things are brought
to light.

We hear much in these perilous days
of the necessity of increasing our stand-
ing army, of enforcing quiet and obedi-
ence to law and order by the free use
of "grape-shot and canisters;" but wom-
anly intuition sees a vaster power in
the moral bayonets which Christian
love aims, not at the persons, but at the
hearts of those who are truly a terror
to any people. The large number of
impenitent, evil-minded men, who
through kind Christian influence have
been brought to a knowledge of the
truth as it is in Jesus, and through His
grace changed to loyal citizens and
made a power for good, should be argu-
ment strong enough to lead all true-
hearted women who love humanity and
the peace and prosperity of our beau-
tiful land, to ponder well the question,
whether they may not "have come to
the kingdom" of new and sacred priv-
ileges "for such a time as this."

THE "PRAYER TEST" IMPROVED.
BY PROF. B. F. BOWNE.

It was a happy thought, almost an
inspiration, of Prof. Tyndall's, to sub-
ject religion to the tests of inductive
science. If prayer have any power,
let us devise a test experiment which
shall determine its value once for all.

Nothing could be fairer than this; and
accordingly, it was proposed to take
two wards in a hospital, and treat the
inmates exactly alike as to medicine
and nursing, but to pray for one lot
and not for the other. The result was
to determine the value of prayer. The
proposition took the religious world by
surprise. Some of the more enthu-
siastic felt that Jehovah had been in-
sulted and defied. In their mind the
prophets of Jehovah and the prophets
of Baal were once more face to face;
and they eagerly demanded an accept-
ance of the challenge, not doubting in
the least their ability to pray all infidels
and scoffers, etc. Into utter and speech-
less confusion. Others, however, more
circumspect, and better trained in in-
ductive methods withal, pointed out
that the test proposed could not be de-
cisive. Imperceptible differences of
constitution, it was urged, would give
one side or the other an unfair advan-
tage. Besides (and this was an impor-
tant consideration), some large-
hearted Christian, who could not bear
to omit any one from his prayers, would
be sure to disregard the condi-
tions of the contest and pray indis-
criminately for both sides. Indeed, it
was feared that the bare knowledge
that a certain number of sick people
were omitted from the prayers of Chris-
tendom would produce such a reac-
tion of prayer in their behalf that
they would get more than their normal
share; and thus the scientific value of
the experiment would be disturbed. Moreover, there were the general

prayers of the pulpit for all the sick
and afflicted, and these would further
serve to complicate the problem, es-
pecially if they should have any pro-
spective influence. Hence the difficul-
ty known in induction as the plurality
of causes, was so insuperable that the
test was rejected on scientific grounds
as unscientific and indecisive.

Upon this view of the matter, some
whose feeling was rather strong, did
not hesitate to denounce the test as a
shallow, wanton, and wicked insult to
all Christians; and only those whose
faith was hardly according to knowl-
edge continued to demand an accept-
ance of the challenge. In the midst of
the *melée*, Prof. Tyndall, who does not
seem to be cut out for a martyr, has-
tened to admit that there is no scien-
tific objection to answers to prayer; he
only questioned whether there is any
sufficient proof of their being answered.

Thereupon the more hortatory of his
opponents urged him to pray for him-
self—a piece of advice which, however
well meant, has produced no visible
fruit. Finally, all parties drew off their
forces in a somewhat demoralized con-
dition, and the battle was declared a
drawn one.

It is to be regretted that an experi-
ment so honestly and thoughtfully de-
vised should have produced no fruit. It
is also somewhat strange that the Pro-
fessor and his friends, who are common-
ly undaunted by any experimental
difficulties, should have abandoned the
problem so easily. The question was
full as important as any about bugs or
molecules, and why was it not pro-
ceeded? We seem to miss here the true
scientific interest; and this fact is well
calculated to arouse in ill-conditioned
minds the suspicion that the Professor
care less to test prayer, than to be dis-
agreeable to religious people. To
ward off such an unpleasant suspicion,
and in the interests of progress, it may
be well to revise the test and propose
it to our advanced scientists as a recog-
nition of their courtesy and good-will.

We say our advanced scientists, because
there are right and left wings in sci-
ence as well as in the liberal Churches;
and the feeling is very similar in both
cases. The scientists of the right wing
do not hesitate in moments of excite-
ment to declare that those of the left
wing are not scientists at all, but rather
malignant enemies of science, who are
constantly bringing science into dis-
grace by fathering all kinds of mental
and moral bastards upon it. Or they
are styled pernicious dogmatists who
care less for science than for making
hostile demonstrations against religion,
and whose pretended brilliant generaliza-
tions are the pest and curse of sci-
entific progress. In return for these coun-
tesies, the left wing call their oppo-
nents Ultramontanes, Bourbons, priest-
ridden, orthodox, etc. When a family
quarrel rises to this pitch, it is best for
outsiders not to interfere; but the critic
must allow that there is all the differ-
ence in the world between a scientist
and an advanced scientist. It is not-
ing uncommon to find scientists of the
first rank who are also earnest Chris-
tians; and it is also worthy of remark
that science does not owe its chief ad-
vances to advanced scientists. But we
must proceed to the test.

If the universe be anything but an ir-
rational botch, man's salvation must lie
in knowing the truth about it. The no-
tion that truth could be destructive and
falsehood conservative, is a view which
none of us would care to entertain.
Helpful superstitions and beneficent
lies can have no place in a rational
system. They may serve for a
time as palliatives, but in the end
nothing but truth can save.

Now our advanced brethren have dis-
covered sundry truths of great im-
portance, all of which logically cul-
minate in denying freedom, the soul,
and a future life. Some of the still
more advanced push these denials
farther and make them include a denial
of God. We see no reason for being
ashamed of these beliefs if they be
rooted in fact; indeed, atheism and
materialism are better than all other
isms, if true. No more is there any
reason for drawing back from the log-
ical consequences of these doctrines. A
scientific generalization whose conse-
quences are not developed, remains
comparatively, if not quite, unfruitful.

It is desirable, therefore, that these
great truths be thoroughly and fear-
lessly developed; otherwise we shall lose
the greater, and perhaps the richer,
part of the blessings wrapped up in
them. It is a sad evidence of human
frailty that many gentlemen of the ad-
vance seem to lose heart and head at
this point, and make desperate at-
tempts to sew the new cloth on the
old garment; with, of course, the usual
result of this experiment. This is much
to be regretted, as thereby we are hin-
dered from reaping at once the full
measure of blessing which their mes-
sage is supposed to contain. It really
seems, after all, as if we shall have to
turn to those terrible infants, Büchner
and Vogt, for a consistent and cour-
ageous exposition of the new Gospel.

[Concluded next week.]

AROUND THE DEAD SEA.

BY PROF. JAMES STRONG, S. T. D.

FROM KERAK TO JERUSALEM, VIA EN-
GEDI AND MAR-SABA.
[Concluded.]

At nine o'clock this morning we
camped at the mouth of Wady Un-
baghek, about opposite Kerak. There
is water up the gorge, but none reach-
es the sea, unless under the sand.
There are ruins of some old buildings
close by, perhaps a fort on the high-
way; also traces of masonry along the
northern face of the wady, probably
an aqueduct from the spring to the
buildings. The promontory of the
Lisan is a little to the north, on the
other shore of the Sea, and the hazy
line of the mountains of Moab stretches
away across the lovely waters that are
just moved into dimples and tiny white-
caps. The Sea looks sweet as a Ver-
mont lake. The weather is remark-
ably propitious. The sun, indeed, is
hot, but the pleasant breeze relieves
the air of sultriness, which we only
experienced the first night we camped
on the shore. It is exactly like a clear
day in July at home. In the evening
I took a bath in the Dead Sea. The
water is clear, but salt as the brine in a
pork-barrel. I did not enjoy it, espe-
cially as the great buoyancy tipped me
over when waist-deep, and so I got a
souse overhead backward. An Arab
in attendance with a skin of fresh
water to rinse you off, as the water
leaves a briny crust on everything it
touches. The water is lukewarm. It
makes the eyes smart, and every
scratch or bare spot tingle. Any one,
even if he does not know how to swim,
can easily float on the surface. In-
deed, it is difficult to get entirely under.

Next morning, riding along the
shore, in about four hours you reach
the famous rock Massada, where the
Jewish garrison all massacred them-
selves and their families in the last
struggle with the Romans, rather than
fall into the hands of the enemy. It
looks most imposing from the north,
where it stands out from the general
range of the hills of Judah which skirt
the shore—here about one mile dis-
tant, and of which the rock itself forms
a part. It is a bluff precipice on all
sides except where the Romans raised
a bank or causeway near the north
gate, and so took it. You scramble
up the loose stones to the adjoining
hillside, and then pass along the cause-
way to the summit. The arch of the
gateway, the walls of the synagogue,
and parts of the foundations of other
edifices, are still standing, but all the
rest is confused heaps and lines of un-
squared stones, caves, cisterns, vaults,
and escarpment-walls. The place was
considered impregnable, but the Ro-
mans reduced it by a line of circum-
vallation and rectangular camps, the
remains of which are still clearly trace-
able. It is fully described by Tristram
and Murray, after Josephus. The sur-
face on the top covers several acres,
the southwestern slope evidently hav-
ing been a garden. The view from
the precipitous eastern brow is very
fine.

After lunching, you ride on north-
ward over the stone-strewn plain at
the foot of the hills, and regaining the
regular road along the beach, reach
Ain-Jidy (Engedi) in about three
hours. The camp is already pitched
on the slope below the village, or
rather hamlet. On the way the strong
odor of brimstone indicates the prox-
imity of sulphur springs along the
shore. Ain-Jidy consists, first, as you
view it in approaching, of a strip of
verdure running down the gentle hill-
side, then in the descending order an
upper terrace (where the spring bursts
forth), next a green ravine, and finally
a fertile plain at the bottom, with
grain, acacias, and some fruit trees.
The air is tropical, and the few Arabs
who inhabit the spot bring cucumbers,
squashes and other greens to the tents.
There must be a pretty little garden
near the brook which you can hear
gurgling down in cascades. The pass-
lies up the notch, with the pyramidal
hill-tops behind. The view across the
lake is fine, the hills of Moab being
distinctly outlined.

You mount early next morning, as
you have a long and hard ride before
you. Ascending the green slope, you
follow the brook to its source about
half a mile distant. It flows gently in
a double stream from beneath some
rocks, forming a small pool, from
which the rill descends. The water is
clear and sweet, but rather tepid. It
is the only spring I saw or heard of
here, although Tristram found others.
His raptures about the spot are rather
fantiful. A sanitarium there would be
a bad speculation. Few would enjoy
it except persons with half a lung, like
himself.

You now pass zigzag up the steep
"cliff of Ziz," which is the outlet from
Engedi to the plateau of the desert of
Judah above. It is decidedly the most
break-neck bridge-path I ever saw, or
deemed it possible to climb. It has

probably, however, been the thorough-
fare for all ages, and I met loaded cam-
els descending it from Hebron. The
view from the top is very extensive,
but the haze diminishes the clearness
and distance of the prospect. As soon
as all the mules have clambered up—
pushed and pulled by the muleteers,
who have to lighten them in part of
their loads, as the rocks are too close
to admit the passage of large boxes—
you pass on northward among the clay
and limestone defiles of the wilderness
of Engedi to the still wilder passes of
the farther desert of Judea, across
Wadies Sudreh and Husasab, and so to
Wady Derjeh, where you stop for an
hour or two to rest and lunch. Here
water is very scarce, and unless you
have brought some from Ain-Jidy you
are fain to send for it from a large
tank farther on, where a little milky
rain-water remains.

Sweeping northwesterly around this,
and then a little way back by the Ki-
dron (here called Wady en-Nar), you
at length reach the convent of Mar-
Saba, where you find the tents pitched
among the rocks outside the walls.
You have been in the saddle about ten
hours to-day. It is wonderful to see
the mules, heavily laden with bulky
bales and boxes, get safely and rap-
idly down steps where you hardly dare
lead your horse. One or two men help
them by holding on to their tails and
steadying their load at the side. The
mules are stout fellows, rapid walkers,
and quite independent, though

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

From the choice poetic offerings in commemoration of Whittier's 70th birthday (Dec. 17), which enrich the columns of the current number of the *Literary World*, we select a gem or two for our readers.

Three silences there are; the first of speech, the second of desire, the third of thought; this is the first a Spanish monk, distraught with dreams and visions, was the first to teach.

These silences, commingling each with each, made up the perfect Silence, that he sought.

And prayed for, and wherein at times he sought

Mysterious sounds from realms beyond our reach.

O thou, whose daily life anticipates the life to come, and in whose thought and word

The spiritual world preponderates, Hermit of Amesbury! thou hast heard Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,

And spakest only when thy soul is stirred!

Henry W. Longfellow.

Whittier, the younger singers, - whom thou seest

Each emulous to be thy staff this day, -

What learned they? righteous anger, burning scorn

Of the oppressor, love to human kind, Sweet fealty to country and to home,

Peace, natural purity, high thoughts of heaven,

And the clear, natural music of thy song.

Edmund C. Stedman.

Apostle pure of Freedom and of Right, Thou hadst thy eye toward;

Thy prayers were heard, and flashed upon thy sight

The coming of the Lord!

Now, sheathed in myrtle of thy tender songs,

Slumbers the blade of truth;

But Age's wisdom, crowning thee, prolongs The eager hope of youth!

Bayard Taylor.

O, pure of thought! Earnest in heart as pen,

The tests of time have left thee undefiled;

And o'er the snows of three-score years and ten

Shines the unaltered aureole of a child.

Paul H. Hayne.

Nay, Whittier, thou art not old; Thy register a lie hath told;

For lives devote to love and truth Do only multiply their youth.

Count not the years that bounding Time has told,

Save by the starry memories in their

Not by the vacant moons that wax and wane,

Nor all the seasons' changing robes enfold;

Look on the life whose record is unrolled! Bid thought, word, action, breathe, burn, Old altars flame whose ashes scarce are cold.

So will we count thy years and months and days, Poet, whose heart-strings thrill upon thy lyre,

Whose kindling spirit lent like Hecla's fire, Is heat to Freedom's faint auroral blaze;

But waste no words the loving soul to tire That finds its life in duty, not in praise!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

From youth to manhood, manhood to old age -

If age at seventy years is counted old -

His is a life to honor and exalt, Entitling him to take conspicuous rank

Among the benefactors of mankind, And with the choicest poets of all time.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Poet, thy three-score years and ten numbered to the hearts of men

In songs that fill our fleeting days

With music sweet and truth's undying praise.

George Parsons Lathrop.

The Christian World.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

A PLEASANT WAY OF HELPING A MISSION CHURCH.

The M. E. church building in the city of Montevideo in South America, was once a theatre. As such it was supposed to have its sitting accommodations pushed to their limits. As a church of Christ it has, singularly enough, become more attractive than when devoted to music and the drama; so that even after 150 sittings have been added, and the occupants of the gallery crowded to within a few inches of the ceiling, it is still found to be too small.

If the reader will pause to consider that this has taken place in a Roman Catholic city and country, and that the hearers and worshippers are, with hardly an exception, of Roman Catholic birth and baptism, he will see that the case is peculiar and providential. The Papiat believes in holy water, holy images, holy relics, and holy bricks and mortar; so that before he can worship God in an unconsecrated old theatre, he must overcome a powerful and subtle repugnance growing out of his education and the traditions of his people.

The seating capacity of the church being about 600, if closely packed, the Sunday-school (numbering about 300) has quite a hard time of it, i. e., the teachers have, in trying to hold the attention of their classes that are necessarily brought too near each other. This jamming led to the establishment of a branch Sunday-school in another part of the city, which numbers to-day not less than 150 scholars of whom 130 are regular attendants.

The roof of the old theatre is of zinc, laid on wood. When it rains during the services the preacher has to overtax his voice; it is a match between one pair of lungs and several million raindrops dashing down on the head of a great zinc-covered drum. This elemental rivalry is particularly annoying when it happens during our Tuesday-night Spanish prayer-meeting, which has more than 150 regular attendants.

In view of these facts the ladies - and *en passant* the Church can no more make headway without the ladies in South than it can in North America - the ladies are working hard to get up a bazaar, the proceeds of which shall be the nucleus of the funds needed to build a larger church.

The president and leader in this enterprise is Dona Enriqueta Castro de Loedel, a niece of Dr. Berro, one of the

most enlightened and universally esteemed ex-presidents of the Republic; and the wife of Don E. Loedel, one of our most energetic, prosperous and honorable merchants. This lady does not, however, need to lean for support on her family tree; she is a host in herself, and *facile princeps* in the invention and vigorous application of expedients to make the bazaar a success.

I respectfully ask the ladies of our great Church in the United States to help and encourage this their South American sister, which they may effectually do in the following manner: Send to the address of Dona Enriqueta Castro de Loedel, M. E. Mission Rooms, 805 Broadway, New York, some little something useful or ornamental, adapted to attract the eye and awaken the innocent covetousness of a Uruguayan lady or gentleman on the banks of the far Rio de la Plata. You have a hundred such articles in your pretty home, sister. Lay one or two of them upon the altar of sweet Christian benevolence; you will make a great many hearts beat more cheerily and hopefully by the gift.

We will acknowledge every donation in our Church papers on this side of the equator, and send every donor a token from the bazaar itself - say a South American tea cup with its accompanying *bombilla* and directions how to use it.

To as many as will accompany their donation with their photograph I feel free to promise in exchange that of the lady president of our bazaar.

Sisters in New England, the leader of the English-speaking wing of the above committee is Mrs. Frederick Crocker, wife of the American consul at Montevideo. She is from your midst and has been a blessing to our Church and Sunday-school there through nearly the whole of their history. Will you not send her a greeting indicative of your sympathy?

Please send your souvenir before the 15th of next Jan'y, and may God bless you and your brother

JOHN F. THOMSON.

A BATCH OF CORRESPONDENCE. FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

A Southern minister writes in a private note: "I have been unusually busy church building, and my brother's trial is added to my ordinary work. We have much to endure from the dominant party now gloating in their triumphs, and like the unmerciful servant, in the parable, catching the smaller devils by the throats. You can rely on none of the despatches that are sent from the South; you cannot know the truth unless you are an eye-witness. To have attended the recent trials here, and seen the kind of witnesses put up to convict a man; to have heard the judge's rulings and charges, and know the influences brought to bear upon the jury; you would then be convinced of the terrorism that is over judges as well as others! My brother has appealed for a new trial in March before another judge, hoping that time will moderate the present feeling; but, if he gets it, he may have to remain in jail till then, while his wife and six children are in Washington with a relative, and she in feeble health. May God make the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder restrain! While these prosecutions have been pending, President Hayes appoints for District Attorney a pseudo-Republican recommended by Hampton. The significance of this appointment lies in the fact that the Elenton and Hamburg (S. C.) murderers will, through a district attorney in sympathy with them, escape prosecution. I see from the papers that this appointment will not likely be confirmed. I hope not. We are trying to get ready for Conference. Our new church is being called; expect to be ready for the dedication by the Bishop who shall hold the sessions. You see the drawing of the edifice in the last Church Extension annual; it is attractive and stylish, and has a corner lot fronting the State House and in the best neighborhood. It is a credit to the people and denomination, and an ornament to the city. Its cost is \$4,000 - very cheap. The society gives us \$1,575; our old place will yield us about \$700, the remainder we have to raise here and elsewhere. My charge here has grown some, and the prospect is good for a considerable increase. The new church will give us a footing which we could never have without it. There have been extensive revivals in many parts of the State. The troubles seem to have driven the people nearer to God."

FROM WASHINGTON.

Our Labor Exchange is doing a good work in finding homes and furnishing work to the laboring classes. They cannot possibly supply all. The commissioners of our district have made arrangements with the managers of the Exchange to employ men to fill up the old canal. The district provides an overseer and the tools, and the Labor Exchange pay the wages. Yesterday forty men for this purpose were engaged at fifty cents per day. Those employed are men of large families and of good character. Hundreds applied; only a few could be chosen. These small wages which are sought with such avidity, show the great distress among our working people. The Exchange has also closed an arrangement with the Agricultural Department to make 75,000 seed bags for the purpose of distributing seeds through the country, and the Exchange has employed 26 females to fill this order.

Rev. J. P. Newman delivered his great lecture on the Reformatory Forces of Christianity, in the Metropolitan M.

E. Church on the 4th instant. Although the night was very rainy the church was crowded. Dr. Newman discussed the systems of Confucius, of Brahma, of Mohammed, and of the great Reformer of Nazareth. For one hour and forty minutes the Doctor held his vast audience bound with the spell of his grand eloquence. Without notes he stood before us painting with words and gestures living pictures that moved and breathed. The money for this lecture made \$4,200 - all of which he brings home to the Church.

The ladies of this Church have Bible readings every Tuesday at 1 o'clock P. M., in the parlor of the church. At the beginning of the New Year Dr. Newman proposes to hold a series of revival meetings.

L. E. D.

FROM EAST TENNESSEE.

The East Tennessee Wesleyan University, the bulwark of the Church in several Conferences, is situated in Athens, Tenn., a picturesque little town on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, in a fine farming country, amid rolling hills and lofty mountains. The climate is simply delicious; the country is well watered, and the scenery is of that peculiar grandeur as once to call forth the expression from one of our Bishops, "This is the Switzerland of America." This institution is at present enjoying great prosperity, both in numbers and in advancement of scholarship. It has now in regular attendance over 150 students, and will have this year a graduating class of fifteen, well equipped for the onerous duties of life. Its noble efforts in preparing young men for the ministry - of whom thirty-one are now in actual attendance, all receiving aid from friends at the North - are recognized and praised by the North. The necessity for such a department in the representative institution of our Church in the South, will be readily perceived by all who realize that in these times the permanent success of any Church lies in the education of its ministry.

Our Church institutions here, struggling with poverty, and with peculiar surroundings elsewhere unknown, should receive not only the moral but the financial support of every son and daughter of the Church throughout the land. We are in need. Help us, or for the want of the right kind of sympathy we will perish, and the future alone will be able to record how much the progress of the Church in the South has been hindered. Professor Goldman of this institution is now in New England working in the interests of the university, and we hope that the noble hearts of our brethren there will financially respond to his appeals. To all young men and ladies of delicate constitutions, but desirous of attending college, we say, Come; come and escape the rigors of a Northern winter, and enjoy the warm sunshine of our sunny South.

For further particulars address the President, Rev. J. F. Spence, or J. S. Mathews, esq., Secretary Board Trustees, Athens, Tennessee.

J. R. C.

TEMPERANCE.

NATIONAL COMMISSION OF ENQUIRY.

The National Temperance Society has issued the following form of petition asking Congress to provide for the appointment of a commission to investigate and report upon the relation of the alcoholic liquor traffic to crime, pauperism, and the general public welfare, and also the results of the various kinds of legislation for the suppression of intemperance. A bill for this purpose has already twice passed the United States Senate, but failed in the House of Representatives. The effort is now to be renewed, and all may render timely assistance who will cut out this petition and return it, with signatures, at an early date, to J. N. Stearns, 58 Reade Street, New York, for presentation in Congress:

"PETITION.

To the United States Senate and House of Representatives:

"Your petitioners, citizens of the United States, respectfully ask that you will provide, by appropriate legislation, for the appointment, by the President of the United States, of a Commission of Enquiry concerning the Alcoholic Liquor Traffic, its Relations to Public Revenue and Taxation, to Crime, Pauperism, the Public Health, Morals, Education, and the General Welfare of the People; and also the Results of License, Restrictive and Prohibitory Legislation in the several States, and in the District of Columbia and the Territories."

"An experience now of more than twenty years of judicial life has taught me that more than seven-eighths of the crimes committed in this country which involve personal violence are traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors. I speak of crimes which involve personal violence, such as homicides, assaults, and batteries, criminal contempt, wife-beatings, abuses of families and children - in those several classes of cases I think no one doubts seven-eighths of them may be traced to the use of intoxicating liquors, and of all other classes a very large percentage." - Judge Noah Davis.

If but a single week's record of the effects, direct or indirect, of liquor drinking could be collected, what a tale it would tell. In one day last week in New York city a young wife in Fifth Avenue killed herself because her husband was a drunkard, and a father in another street his three children and himself because his wife was a drunkard.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Dec. 18, 1877.

70000 Superfine, \$1.25 @ 1.75; extra, \$1.50 @ 2.00; Middling, \$1.00 @ 1.50; St. Louis, \$1.00 @ 1.50.

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This image shows a vertical cross-section of a book's binding. The right side is a dark, textured cover, likely black or dark brown. The left side is a lighter, possibly white or cream-colored, page or endpaper. The binding material is visible in the center, showing some wear and a slightly irregular edge. There are some small, dark spots and fibers visible on the surface of the cover.

The Family.

WORTHLEY BROOK SKETCHES.

BY REV. D. P. TEFIT, D. D.

Were we going to write a novel, or any such work of art, we think we should call it *Worthley Brook*; for the country neighborhood through which the beautiful stream of this name runs, has been the scene of more romance than any other of our acquaintance; and then, in a soberer point of view, it is rich in personal and historical details, which, if properly written out, could not fail to interest, if not to charm, all curious readers.

The stream in question issues from a single spring, whose clear cold water bubbles from the foot of a short range of rocky hills; and it runs in a winding career through a succession of meadows which, in this month of November, are as fresh and green as any meadows ever were in the warmer month of June. The country house in which we stay stands upon the grassy brink of this charming rivulet; the space between the house and the stream is a gentle slope from near the west side of the large building to the water's brink; and this escarpment, covered with its green carpet and shaded by towering elms, with its borders edged by shrubberies of a shorter growth, presents a scene of natural beauty seldom witnessed. From the windows of the room in which we write, the running water can be traced for about a mile above and below the house; and when the sun shines down upon it, as it has for days together since our coming here, it looks like a silver ribbon somewhat woven into an emerald carpet, flashing back the fallen sunbeams at their utmost brilliance.

When the cool stream has just passed the house, it widens out into an expanse which a child would look upon as a small lake; and then, as if suddenly forgetting this proud ambition, it as suddenly contracts again to its former size, running away through the lower meadows with a ripple and a laugh, as if its former magnificence were only taken on for sport. Here, precisely at the point of narrowing again, it is crossed by a solid stone bridge; and the road over it is a thoroughfare between two twin-cities and a famous watering-place, along which there is an almost incessant or non-intermittent current of wagons, carriages, coaches, stages, laden with passengers of all ages and conditions, traveling to and from on business or for pleasure. In front of the house, and starting from the thoroughfare just mentioned, branches off another important highway leading to a railroad station, to the post-office of the neighborhood, and to several villages lying off in that direction; and the point occupied by the house of our present residence is thus made a kind of center, or point of convergence, to the people of all this surrounding region. In fact, the two leading railroads of the State have no less than five stations within an easy hacking distance of this central spot; and they constitute more than a half-circle round it.

Besides the branch road heretofore spoken of, there is another running along the crest of a ridge lying half a mile eastward of the central spot, which connects these several northern villages with Maine's "natural seaport"; and on this third thoroughfare clusters the post-house, the school, the church, the cemetery, where, in comparison with many of modern date, "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Next, on the same road, comes the "model farm" of Maine, according to the decision of a committee appointed to make discovery of this worthy place; and on all sides are found excellent and consequently thriving farmers, who know their duty to their farms, and, knowing, dare to do it.

But this is not all that may be said of the neighborhood of this *Worthley Brook*. Within the limits of the parish, whose boundaries have been sketched, and inside of the last fifty years, the locality has raised up, or brought in by marriage, one governor, one president of a college, one high sheriff, one senator, two members of the governor's council, one house messenger, two United States consuls, five college professors, one grand secretary of the Grand Lodge of Masons, two masters of arts, two doctors of divinity, two doctors of laws, one with both the doctorates of divinity and law, and of clergyman—all of the Methodist denomination, to which also all but one of the above list of celebrities belong—not less than twenty-five, if we ought not to make the number twenty-six.

Nor is this all. Besides the men here pursuing their careers in these several departments of education, religion and politics, the place has produced, in the way above stated, not less than three editors of magazines and newspapers, and five authors, whose volumes are well known in the literary world. The number of works produced by the writers here alluded to, we cannot give; but one of them, we know, who long since deceased, published about twelve volumes; another, who is still living, not far from twenty; and the productions of all together would be enough, so far as numbers go, to constitute quite a village library. We need scarcely add, since *Worthley Brook* parish is exclusively a Methodist parish, that the above were all Methodist authors; and the reader will be ready to acknowledge that this would be a fair literary showing for any denomination in one small country neighborhood.

[Concluded next week.]

THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

O'er the hill and o'er the vale
Come three kings together,
Carrying gifts for snow and hail,
Cold, and wind, and weather;
Now on Persia's sandy plains,
Now where Tigris awells with rains,
Now through Syrian lands they go,
Now through Moab, faint and slow,
Now o'er Edom's heathen.

O'er the hill and o'er the vale,
Each king bears a present;
Wise men go a-chill to hail,
Monarchs seek a peasant;
And a star in front proceeds,
Over rocks and rivers leads,
Shines and beams incessant;
Therefore onward, onward still,
Ford the stream and climb the hill,
Love makes all things pleasant.

He is God ye go to meet,
Therefore license ye offer;
He is King ye go to greet,
Gold is in your offer.
Also man; He comes to share
Every good that man can bear,
Temper, ruler, savior,
Therefore now, against the day,
To the grave where Him they lay,
Merrily ye also offer.

—Canadian Methodist Magazine.

"BETTER FATHER ON."

BY MISS A. S. SEAVENS.

[Concluded.]

Thanksgiving dawned cheerless and cold, and the hours dragged wearily. Gertrude looked herself in her room, and Rena wept and complained by turns. Life seemed so hard and barren, so destitute of the happiness which brings over in that of other young girls.

A quick, nervous ring at the door startled me in my reverie.

"Am I addressing Miss Ripley—Miss Dorothea Ripley?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wish to see you, particularly, on business."

"Please come in, sir."

I invited him into the sitting-room. We could not afford to keep a fire in this room, and I shivered, wondering vaguely what this stranger could wish. He was a middle-aged man, with a plain but prepossessing face, and hair slightly sprinkled with gray. I noticed his left coat-sleeve was empty.

"Miss Ripley, allow me to introduce myself as Mr. Tisdale, of Boston. I have been deputed by a person interested in your family, to call and make certain propositions to you. Ahem! I presume you are in somewhat reduced circumstances?"

I nodded assent.

"Well, this person to whom I refer, owns a house in Boston suitable for renting to lodgers. If you should so decide, you may have the house for \$800 a year. The rooms will be easily rented to respectable people, and you could earn a neat sum by some feminine employment at home. As regards your sisters, I can obtain a situation for the youngest in the printing office of one of the religious papers of the city. If she is smart she will soon earn ten dollars a week and more as a compositor. I also have the refusal of a place to tend in a fancy goods store for the sister next you. By this arrangement you can remain united, and at the same time support yourselves better than hundreds of poor girls are now doing."

"Pray, who is this friend so terribly interested in our welfare?" I inquired coldly. The proud Ripley blood rebelled at this come-down into real work-a-day living.

"An old friend of your father's who wishes to remain incognito," he replied.

I looked out at the gray clouds and brown stretch of hills. Could we give up our pleasant country home for a house in some dismal Boston street? But what other alternative had we? The right was hardly ours to thrust aside this providential opening—to shut out even this dim ray of light.

Mr. Tisdale broke the silence: "You will probably desire a little time for consideration and for consultation with your sisters, Miss Ripley. If agreeable I will call to-morrow afternoon."

"Very well, sir."

"One thing further: If you decide to go to town, the expense of moving and fitting up new rooms will demand ready money. I have been authorized to place at your disposal a certain sum, to be repaid at your convenience. Good day!"

He was gone, and I sat down on the front stairs a little bewildered. Which one of father's friends was so considerate and thoughtful?

"It must be papa's old college friend, Mr. Earle," said Rena decisively.

We came to Boston one dreary, sleety day in December. It was an inevitable necessity. No words could express our heartache and loneliness as we left the dear old home to go out into the wide world among unsympathizing strangers. Not so very wide a world either, for our new house was one among a block of houses equally narrow and unpromising, on a narrow Place to which there was but one entrance and exit—a parallelogram with an opening at one end.

The days came and went quickly in spite of our homesickness and discontent. Mr. Tisdale proved a kind friend, and soon our rooms were filled with lodgers. Our evenings were gloomy enough. Gertrude never complained, but little lines of care and worry crept into her face. Rena—our merry Rena of old—grew more fretful every day. In our willfulness we did not try to find the bright side of our life. Would the better ever come to us?

Christmas was close at hand, and I had been out making a few purchases. The great elms on the Common tossed their bare branches in the wintry air, and the snow glistened in the light of the young moon as I walked home. Thoughts of the merry Christmas days of the past rose like phantoms before me, and the tears fell fast and thick.

"O Dorie! there's a letter for you on the mantel," said Rena after we were seated at supper. "I guess it's from Aunt Huldah, judging from the chirography."

I opened it, greatly surprised.

R—, Dec. 20, 1875.

NIECE DOROTHEA: I take my pen in hand to write you a few lines. My health has not been good since that attack of typhoid fever at Buffalo. The doctor prescribes change of air. I hear you are living in Boston, and let your rooms to lodgers. Save a room for me. I intend to spend the winter in B., and shall arrive about the 27th.

From your aunt

HULDAH DUNSCOMB.

"What a heartless letter!" cried Gertrude.

"I won't stay in the house with her," said Rena with a snarl of her foot.

"Mother would have been with us to-day if it hadn't been for her!"

"Hush, Rena! Remember, she is father's sister," said I, alarmed at her lenity.

"I don't want to remember any such hard truth. I hate her!"—and she ran upstairs.

Gertrude and I talked it all over together. We dared not imagine how discordant our life would be when she came.

The afternoon of the 28th Aunt Huldah arrived, with furniture, trunks, baggage, baskets, and a bird-cage. We couldn't begin to get her paraphernalia into one room.

After all, our aunt was somewhat less of an ogre in reality than she had been in imagination, but the realization was unpleasant enough. She was a very tall woman about fifty years old, and her scanty, ruffled dresses clung closely to her spare form. Her gray hair was parted back from her brow in rigid smoothness, and coiled in a pug at the back under a blue-colored cap. Her face was hard and cold, its only redeeming feature being her dark eyes which were never still, but ever glancing restlessly about, watching keenly everything and everybody, with occasionally a little gleam of tenderness in their depths when she thought no one was looking.

One day I surprised her looking at mother's picture which hung over the mantel, and I was sure her lashes were wet with tears. The dear life given for her life—most sometimes have awakened in her cramped soul aspirations and outcrochings toward God and heaven.

But she was a great trial to us that winter. She experimented with all sorts of baths, and tried every quack potion and plaster advertised in the newspapers. Her closet displayed well-filled shelves of medicine bottles in various stages of consumption, from the two-quart Vegemite to tiny homeopathic pills of *nux vomica*, and a tin dipper of herb drink on the range sent its fumes through the house every night. She was mortally afraid of dying suddenly, and hated to sleep alone lest "something or nether might happen."

The winter wore away, with its storms and sunshine. We were learning the lesson of content slowly but surely. Rena and Gertrude came home tired from their work, but the old repinings were steadily disappearing. Mr. Tisdale was a frequent visitor, and often invited one or the other of us to accompany him to lectures or concerts. Gertrude had resumed her German lessons, and was reading Schiller with him. From my quiet sewing corner I watched them together. He was evidently very fond of our bonny Gertrude, but I felt sure that her heart was not stirred. And I was selfishly glad it was so—that she as yet could but offer her frank and fearless friendship to this grave, elderly man. Aunt Huldah seemed to have a strange liking for our friend.

"Alex Tisdale will rob you of Gertrude sometime," she said one day, and keenly scrutinized my face. Her words cut through my heart like a knife. Yes, Alex Tisdale would probably marry Gertrude, and I must learn to treat like a brother the man I had learned to love with more than sisterly affection.

But the winter and spring brought sweet and comforting lessons to us. Into our dark life the blessed light of the Cross had streamed, and at Easter-tide Rena and Gertrude joined the Church.

All through the lovely spring days and the sultry summer-time, with the exception of a week's respite by the sea, we lived in our little Boston house. Once more the maples flamed with scarlet and gold, and turned brown, and still Aunt Huldah stayed with us, less angular, less hard, more loving.

The gray, gusty November days had come—just a year since mother died, I had been down town shopping. Some snowy chrysanthemums in a florist's window, bringing back many precious memories of home and mother, tempted me to purchase. It was growing dusk, and I hastened up Park Street, meeting Alex Tisdale just as I turned the corner of Beacon.

"How very fortunate I am, Miss Dorothea," he said, and turned to go in my direction.

We walked along very silently for a distance. A pale pink bar of sky lay across the western horizon, against which the church spires were plainly outlined.

"Dorothea, I have some news for you. I have bought your new home, and shall go there to live if I can have the wife I want. May I have her?"—the tone was very tender and pleading.

The tremble in my voice I could not help. He was asking me for Gertrude, and I must give her willingly into his hands.

"Yes, Mr. Tisdale, I give her to you unreservedly. You are worthy of her best and truest love."

"O Dorie darling, mine at last!" and

his one strong arm was around me, and his lips pressed mine.

"Mr. Tisdale, what—what does this mean?" I asked in confusion.

"Mean, darling? Why, that you are my promised wife."

"But—but I thought you loved Gertrude, Alex," I whispered.

"Well, I will tell you what his reply was. Suffice it to say, that until 'death do us part' Alex and I will walk through life together."

I was to be married at Christmas, and we were going back to W—to our dear old home. One day we were taking our winter clothing out of the old cedar chest that had been grand-ma's, when Aunt Huldah came in.

"I declare, girls, how natural your grandmother's furniture looks! It seems only yesterday that she left us. I remember the night after she died how I came in and saw her sitting in her easy-chair by the table, writing. She was too tired to finish, she said, and laid the paper carefully between the leaves of her Bible. In the early morning she died of a paralytic stroke."

"Did you keep the paper, Aunt Huldah?" queried Rena.

"Yes, child, of course. But I never could make head nor tail out of it; it's so scrawly."

"Do let's see it," we cried in chorus.

So Aunt Huldah went into her room and brought to us a faded yellow paper, on which were these almost undecipherable words:

"I write to say if God should bring me home quickly, that the big cedar box has a—"

And here the sentence was broken off. We looked around at each other.

"That's what she tried to tell me the morning she died," said Aunt Huldah.

"But I didn't think nuthin' of it. She kept looking at this chest so implorin'-like."

In a trice the chest was emptied, and we were on our knees peering into every nook and corner. A flowered paper was pasted over the bottom and sides, revealing no secrets.

"Oh, I see a little crack!" cried Gertrude.

"Let's get a carpenter," suggested Rena.

"Wait a bit, girls! There's a little hollow right here," said Aunt Huldah, who was fumbling around the bottom, her hair rumpled and cap askew, as excited as either of us. She tore away the paper, disclosing a tiny slide. We held our breath as she carefully opened the thin compartment and brought out, first, some faded marriage certificates, a deed of forty acres of land in the State of Maine, a package of receipts, and then U. S. bonds and State bonds to a large amount.

"Well, I declare, this beats all!" exclaimed our aunt.

"It's just like a fairy-tale, isn't it?" said Rena as she danced gayly around.

To think that the old chest which had held our faded clothing for so many years, should have contained, all unconsciously to us, the remedy for our distress! And yet no chest could ever yield to us the priceless treasure our poverty brought—true content.

When the church bells rang in the blessed Christmas morn we were back in the home of our childhood and early girlhood. Aunt Huldah went with us. We discovered that she was the "friend" of papa's who had helped us in our sore straits, and that Alex Tisdale was the son of the only man she ever loved, who, instead of returning her affection, married one of her school friends. Gertrude gave up her situation, and is now at the Medical School, but Rena still sets type, although there is no need of it.

To every heart, however bowed down with sorrow, or poverty, or sickness, God sends His cheering angel Hope, who blithely sings, in thrilling accents,

"It is better farther on!"

FOR THE OLD FOLKS.

AGE.

Dim aged eyes,
Gazing across the wreck of broken tiles,
Behind—dead leaves that withered fall,
A fading wilderness where all
Is vanishing.

Before—to golden weary night,
A glimpse—a promise of the bright
Eternity.

Oh, dim and aged eyes,
If waiting till that dawn shall rise,
Blessed are ye!

—Selected.

THE BEAUTY OF OLD AGE.

An old man, very unhappy, wanted to change his home. He was always miserable, and he thought his neighbors were to blame for it. But some one, with more truth than gentleness, suggested that it would not be any use, he could not get away from himself. Every one carries in himself the elements of his happiness or wretchedness. Circumstances have very little to do with our inner experiences. It is self, after all, that gives the color to our skies, and the tone to the music we hear. The old man, like the snail, carries his house on his back. He may change neighbors, or scenes, or companions, but he cannot get away from himself. Sin puts thorns in our pillows. Conscience violated heaps up sorrow for old age. Sin may seem pleasant at the moment, but you must not forget how it will look when you get past it, and turn to look back on it, and especially how it will look from old age, from a dying pillow. Norman McLeod said somewhere that "nothing makes a man so contented as an experience gathered from a well-watched past."

We are hanging up pictures every day about the chamber walls of our hearts that we shall have to look at when we sit in the shadows. Then, summing all up, only Christ can make any life, young or old, truly beautiful or truly happy. Only He can cure the heart's restless fever, and give calmness and quietness. Only He can purify that sinful fountain within us, our corrupt nature, and make us holy. Would

you have a beautiful and happy old age? Would you look back from the shadows with sweet satisfaction, and forward with glorious hope? You must begin your walk with Christ in the golden days of youth. Then the decay and wasting and infirmities of old age will be, as dear Dr. Guthrie called these symptoms of his own approaching death, only "the land-birds lighting on the shrubs, telling the weary mariner that he is nearing the desired haven."—Rev. J. R. Miller.

FUN AND FACT.

One of the greatest wonders in this world is what comes of all the smart children.

I'd rather than that crowds should sigh for me, that from some kindred eye The trickling tear should steal.

With men the heart is known by our words; but with God our hearts are weighed by our hearts.

Some Indians use scalping-knives of tortoise-shell; probably on account of the old fable in which the tortoise was alleged to have got away with the hairs.

A conscience void of offense is a good thing, but a farm void of a fence is quite another matter.

Flies trials make golden Christmas; if the furnace be seven times hotter, it is to make us seven times better.

The life of man is the middle between angels and beasts; if man takes pleasure in carnal things, he is compared to beasts; but if he delight in spiritual things, he is suited with angels.

"Papa said a bright Springfield boy just home from a select-of-hand entertainment."

"I wish I was a conjurer." "Why, my son?" "I would turn you into a rat, call up the cat, and wouldn't I have fun?"

My will, not thine, he done, turned Paradise into a select-of-hand entertainment, and turned the desert into a paradise, and made Gettysburg the gate of heaven.

"Go, my son, and shut the shutter." "This I heard a mother utter."

"Shutter's what?" the boy cried muttering. "I can't shut it any shutter."

"The prisoner has a very smooth countenance." "Yes; he was ironed just before he was brought in. That accounts for it."

A resolution that is communicated is no longer within thy power; thy intentions become now the playing of chance; he who would have his commands carried out must take man by surprise.

To those who delight in God He is a sure defender. But unless our hearts are right with Him we cannot delight in Him, and so cannot enjoy His protection against our spiritual enemies.

By how much the nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end, by so much the more eagerly he will seek to ruin it.

That, knowing himself to be damned, he may get company in his damnation.

"Pull up the blind, Kitty; pull up the blind!" "You say, 'The sun will spoil the carpet.' Never mind, never mind."

"Far better so than that your cheeks or mine Should lose their worth or color, Kitty. Let it shine, let it shine."

"And you shall find new joy it will impart. Pull up the blind, Kitty; pull up the blind!" "The sun has spoiled the heart."

There is a great want about all Christians who have not suffered. Some flowers must be broken or bruised before they emit any fragrance. All the roses of Christ sent out sweetness, all the sorrows of Christians do the same.

A schoolmaster tells the following story: "I was teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of my session I had leisure to survey my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool. 'Is this the block?'" I asked a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the girl tripped out, "I suppose so; the teacher always sits on it." The stool was unoccupied that term."

We live but in the present; The past, though loved, is gone; The future, how'er pleasant, As yet lies far and sound; Each gift is as we use it, Each place its cloud must share; As yet lies far and sound; There's sunshine everywhere.

"Hearts more or less, I suppose," says Principal Sharpe, "most of us have, but we keep our close-closed and padlocked—we wear an outside of gloom, and a little or none of the love that may be within escapes to gladden those around us. And so life passes without any of the sweetening society that comes when affection is not only felt but expressed."

"The baby has got a new tooth, but the old lady is laid up with a cold in the head," said one man to a dejected candidate. "What do I care?" was the reply. "The wife said the man, 'before the election you used to take me aside and ask me how my family was coming on; and how my family was all over town to tell you, and that's the way you talk to me. But it don't make any difference. I voted for the other candidate.'"

"Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ." And since it be beyond our power to always know the burden of another, let us be tender, patient, pitiful, and compassionate to all; knowing that in a sinful world there are none that do not need our sympathy and prayers, none who do not bear burdens, none who are exempt from pain and woes and tears.

THREE KISSES.

I have three kisses in my life,
So sweet and satisfying,
That now I'll kiss death-deaths on them rest,
My lips shall never kissless be.

One kiss was given in childhood's hour,
By one who never gave another;
Through life and death I still shall feel
That last kiss of my mother.

The next kiss burned my lips for years;
For years my lips were burning in bliss
At every memory of that hour,
When my lips felt young love's first kiss.

The last kiss of the sacred three
Had all the love which e'er can move
The heart of woman. It was pressed
Upon the dead lips of my love.

When lips have felt the dying kiss,
And felt the kiss of burning love,
And kissed the dead, then nevermore
In kissing should they think to move.

Hattie T. Griswold.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Don't forget to say "Good morning," Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers, your servants—and say it cheerfully, and with a smile. There is a kind of inspiration in every "good morning" heartily and smilingly spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It really seems to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And this is true of the "good morning." It is also of all kind, hearty greetings. They cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of life run smoothly.

THE SURGEON'S DOG STORY.

There is a very knowing dog, and also a very grateful one, in Newhaven [England]. I am acquainted with his case, because I am on duty there and see the creature frequently. This dog, you must understand, is a Dalmatian, or spotted coach dog, which makes his

history the more remarkable, for the breed is not noted for brains. Generally speaking, its accomplishments are limited to sleeping by your horse in the stable, and jumping at his nose when he is on the road. Well, this Dalmatian fell blind; he had a cataract on both eyes. He went groping about the streets and tumbling into gutters, until he stirred up the compassion of my brother in surgery, Beach. Beach, by the way, cares nothing about dogs; he had no fondness for them whatever. But he said it was a pity to see this wretch struggling and suffering in that style, if the thing could be helped. So he got hold of his subject, had him tied and chloroformed, operated on him, and removed the cataracts. The sight, in short, was restored completely.

Ever since then this Dalmatian has been a monster of gratitude, and absolutely worships and haunts and bores his benefactor. It isn't because Beach feeds him. Not at all. Beach isn't of that sort. He is not a dog-fancier nor a dog-provider. He might think a dog wanted an operation, but he would never think he wanted a bone. Well, all the same, the Dalmatian adores him. He is a savage brute; he will bite anybody else, including his master, but from Beach he will take any sort of maltreatment. Perhaps the most curious thing about the case is that he keeps some account of time, and knows the days of the week and the hours of the day. This is very extraordinary, of course, but it is absolutely certain.

Beach, you must understand, lives out of town, and only comes in twice a week to attend to his duties there—once on Wednesday, at ten in the morning, and once on Saturday, at three in the afternoon. Well, his old patient never fails to meet him on the right day and at the correct hour, just as accurately as though all Dalmatians were born with chronometers in their mouths. He never mistakes one day for another, and never goes on either day at the wrong hour. As Beach drives in, the dog meets him a little way out, follows him through his round, sits or stands by him, watches him devotedly, attends him homeward a certain distance, and then leaves him. Nobody can call him off, not even his master. By the way, if Beach comes to town by some unusual road, and so misses the dog, the latter immediately sets up a persistent search for him, going in succession to every one of his haunts, and among them to my quarters. How he has learned that Beach and I have some relation to each other, I don't know; but he has learned it perfectly, and is just as mindful of it as either of us.

Once I undertook, just for the curiosity of the thing, to detain him in my office. I put my arms around him and held on with all my strength. The result was that after a violent tussle I found myself on the floor, and the big brute off like lightning after his dear Beach. Anybody else would have been badly bitten. He only spared me out of consideration for my obvious relations and my supposed intimacy with his benefactor.

Now, the beast's gratitude is perhaps nothing remarkable; a great many dogs show affection and remembrance of kindness. But how upon earth does this Dalmatian know the day of the week and the time of day?—Atlantic.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

BY ELEANOR S. DEANE.

